Just a Sprinkle

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by FujinoLover

Summary

Debbie doesn’t get jealous. It’s just hard not to be when someone as hot as Ramona Vega is cozying up to her partner.

It's not that crowded in the club tonight, but still Debbie has to make her way through the throng of dancing bodies as some electro pop song blasts in the background. She spots Lou first, slouching on a stool with her back leaning on the bar, arms on the sides and legs wide apart. She acts every bit of the owner of the place. Normally her eyes will sweep over the room to make sure there are no trouble, a nod here and a smile there when she recognizes the customers. This time, however, she's engrossed by the woman sitting next to her.

It's not a mark, Debbie knows for sure. Because one, Lou has made it very clear before her first visit on the club that neither of them is going to rob anyone there, ever. *Don't shit where you eat*, Lou warned her. From the way the woman is all up in Lou's personal space, *don't fuck where you eat* is definitely not part of the rule. And two, Lou has found the perfect woman for their next job, someone who has intimate knowledge of the inner working of the Wall Street and they agreed to meet in the club tonight. Debbie just didn't think the woman would be intimate with her partner too.

The woman has a hand hovering over Lou's scarf—the very scarf that Debbie got her from a shoplifting spree that morning and tied around her neck before she left for the club earlier that night. Long nails scratching lightly on pale skin visible amongst the countless chain of her necklaces. The worst part is that none of it bothers Lou.

On her way over to the bar, Debbie counts a handful of people, mostly women, who still shows interest in Lou despite her companion. Or perhaps, *due to* her companion, because they sure are a hot treat for sore eyes. Even on her own, Lou always has that kind of effect on people.

Some twenty years ago, Debbie wouldn't even think before she slid up to Lou's side, draping an arm over her waist and tucking her face in her neck, just to mess up with her possible hook-ups. They are never one for public display of affection, unless it's for a show. Now, her steps don't falter but when she reaches the bar, she keeps a respectable distance from Lou, even though she has turned to acknowledge her presence.

"Debbie." Lou gestures at the woman she was talking with, all smile and bright blue eyes. "Ramona." She then turns to said woman and adds, "Debbie is my partner."

Ramona takes the proffered hand, not so subtly looking for any ring on Debbie, which she won't find. Debbie thinks she made it very clear that by *partner*, she means every single sense of the word, *exclusively*. Lou doesn't seem to get the whole memo and the world at large still needs to see that diamond to know that Debbie belongs to Lou just as Lou belongs to Debbie.

Lou notices the questioning look on Debbie's face. "Tammy introduced us," is what she says.

Almost a lifetime ago, Tammy rented a strip club for her then-fiancé's bachelor party. A little too generous, but then again, she spent her own bachelorette party with Lou and Debbie, so she wouldn't blame him if anything was to happen. The things that did happen were he got too drunk to remember anything, his cards getting maxed, and Tammy became fast friends with the woman who put him in a sizeable debt.

Ramona rolls her eyes heavenwards. “Tammy paid me to give you a lap dance. Best birthday ever, right baby?”

Debbie doesn’t sputter the drink she’s having—she has so much control to be that unnecessary dramatic—but her grip on the glass does get tighter and she might have put it back down on the bar with more force than necessary, the aquatic blue liquid sloshes over the rim and into the coaster.

Birthdays were their thing. The two days in a year when they didn’t have to pretend they are not head over heels in love with each other. Debbie used to savor every second of those rare days, dragging Lou to do all the silly things couples do. They were too tangled with each other, so much that she couldn’t remember who she was without Lou by her side. That was until Danny’s heist made into the news and suddenly the need to be her own person overwhelmed her. She’s not jealous of Ramona—she can’t be jealous, she has no right to when she was the one who left Lou in the first place. So she returns Ramona’s challenging grin with a tight smile.

“Definitely the best night of my life,” Ramona says with a winning smirk as she tugs the scarf loose. “You were so…” She sighs wistfully.

Lou groans, but doesn’t make any effort to move away from Ramona and Debbie hates her for it. Hates that she’s having images of Lou fucking Ramona’s brain out while she was wearing itchy orange jumpsuit and laid wide awake on her too-firm bunk bed with four other women snoring their heads off in the cramped cell, wondering about what Lou was doing on her birthday—wondering if she missed her at all. Apparently Lou didn’t have the same problem because she was too busy doing a beautiful woman.

“How’s Tammy and her man?”

Debbie is so going to kill Tammy for this.

“They’re great. Two kids, a dog, white picket fence.”

Ramona coos. “Juju misses you.” She’s less playful than before and Debbie swears she sees a flicker of sadness before she moves in to wrap Lou in a hug, standing between her legs with her arms looping around her neck. “*We* miss you.”

Lou returns the gesture. “I missed you guys too,” she says, squeezing with an arm over Ramona’s back. “But you have to stop making Debbie jealous.” She glances back at her partner, who hasn’t had enough time to hide the glare she’s sending their way.

Ramona breaks the embrace with a laugh. “Is it working?”

“I’m not looking forward to freeze my ass sleeping alone tonight,” Lou says.

“You still live in that place? Baby, I told you it’s a bitch to heat.”

Before Lou can retort, Debbie clears her throat. Her brow rises, silently asking for an explanation she doesn’t want to say out loud. With the other girls during the Met heist, she

established herself as the pack leader immediately. Ramona, however, seems to be a leader of her own and regardless of her history with Lou—whatever it was, because it won't be the first time they work with someone they've fucked before, Tammy can attest to that—Debbie is having doubt on getting someone like her involved in the next job.

"A few years back," Lou starts and Debbie is aware which exact year it was. "Tammy hired Ramona for my birthday. Bloody amazing dancer."

Ramona's *thanks, babe* accompanying a peck on Lou's cheek isn't making it any less easy for Debbie to not call this meeting off and tell Lou to find someone else for the job.

"But—"

"The ankle monitor shit wasn't very sexy? I didn't feel like being called 'Debbie'? You were drunk crying because your girl went to prison?"

Lou doesn't even look embarrassed after being ratted out like that. She has come to terms with everything that happened before and during Debbie's sentence. It helps that Ramona is fun, though she can be too tactile at times, and they bond over the fact that their respective partners bailed on them.

"All of the above?"

Even with Lou's nonchalance, the stupid jealousy drains out from Debbie's body in that instant. She steps closer to Lou, just enough for their arms to brush. It seems to be the moment that Ramona has been waiting for, because she swiftly backs off. She lets them have their moment for awhile and when Debbie looks at her again, it's less murderous and more welcoming.

Ramona takes it as her opening. "About this job you're offering…" She lowers her voice, eyes gleaming with excitement. It's outrageous and crazy and brilliant. She tells Debbie, "Robbing the fucking Big Board? I'm in, baby."

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